

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 34

Chapter 34

Harper

Easton thinks he owns me, that every happy expression that crosses my face is due to him.

Screw that.

But the truth is, Easton's message is what caused me to grin. I had just flipped to Blake's text when Easton saw me, the timing just couldn't have been more perfect.

I'll never tell him that though.

As far as he's concerned, Blake makes me smile too, and it needs to stay that way.

I continue down the hallway when Sadie stops me and says, "Whoa. I just saw Easton and he looks like he's about to murder someone. Any idea what that's about?"

I shrug. "He read a text that Blake sent me. Maybe it has something to do with that

-I mean, hopefully it does."

"Blake and ... you?" Her eyebrows lift so high, they look like they're about to get lost in her hairline.

"It's not what you think. He just asked me out for dinner."

She laughs. "Really? And you think that clarifies my questions somehow?" She adjusts her bag. "Unless he's feeling you, he's not going to ask you out to dinner."

I tuck a chunk of hair behind my ear, the smell of Easton's shampoo from this morning's shower still so present, something I'm not even close to getting used to. "I'm not interested. He's the biggest player at school."

"And Easton's not?"

"And Ryan's not?" I argue back.

“Okay, good point, the three of them are equal in the player department. But we both know I’m going to mold Ryan into the man I want him to be and you’re going to do the same with Easton. Or is it Blake? I feel lost-again.”

I wrap my arm around hers and start walking. “It’s Easton. It’s only ever been Easton.”

But I can’t deny that having Blake’s attention is an interesting feeling. One I’ve never had before. Probably because Sadie is the only person who’s ever cared about me. And now, suddenly, there’s two new numbers in my phone and both are texting me on the same day.

My mind is blown.

“Your turn,” I say, reminding her of the conversation from the library. “What’s up with you and Ryan?”

She stops at her locker, filling her bag with books. “Well, like I said, we’ve been talking more. Texting. Having convos at night before we go to bed. You know, stuff like that.”

“So, he’s not treating you like shit anymore?”

She shuts her locker and joins our arms together, heading for the parking lot. “Things are good.” She looks at me, biting her lip. “And, God, you know I’m positively crazy about him. That’s no secret.”

“I just don’t want him to hurt you, Sadie.”

Even though he’s my brother, his reputation is as harsh as his friends. When it comes to girls, they’re after one thing, and everyone in this school knows that.

But it doesn’t stop them, they get what they want.

Always.

“He won’t, I won’t let him. Promise.”

“Sadie, Harper-you might want to stop right here,” Blake says, approaching us as we’re nearing the student lot.

“Why?” Sadie asks.

He nods toward Sadie. “Someone wrote something on your car.” He then looks at me. “And Ryan’s.”

“Wrote something?” I inquire.

I don’t like the sound of this.

My stomach immediately begins to churn, my heart picking up speed as Blake keeps his eyes on me.

"What does it say?" I whisper.

He glances down, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallows. When he finally looks up again, he says, "Why don't you let Ryan and Sadie deal with this, and we'll go grab something to eat?"

He's protecting me.

But why?

What does it say?

"Tell me what's on their cars, Blake. I'm not leaving this school until I know."

His eyes soften, his hand reaching for mine. His thumb grazes across the back of my palm as he replies, "Someone wrote, your sister is a slut, on Ryan's windshield." His eyes shift to Sadie. "And on yours it says, your best friend is a slut."

"No. They. Fucking. Didn't!" Sadie seethes. "I will kill whoever did this." She looks at me. "Not because of my car, I don't give a shit about that, but what they wrote about

you."

My chest is so tight, I have almost no voice when I say, "Who would do this to me?"

Who hates me this much?

It isn't Easton. He can't be that mad about Blake's text, not where he would vandalize his best friend's car.

The rest of the school barely knows me. I'm Ryan's sister to them and most don't even know my name.

"I don't know," Blake responds. "But, I promise you, we're going to find out."

I clear my throat, hoping the tightness will lessen. "Will the writing come off?"

The thought of my parents seeing this when they get home from work makes me want to die even more.

"Yeah, it's the washable kind that the cheerleaders use for homecoming when they decorate the football players' cars," he says.

"I'm going to run back into school and grab some wet napkins," Sadie tells me. "I'll clean the glass super quickly, and then I'll take you home."

I'm positive she can see the tears forming in my eyes. The ones I don't want anyone to see because I don't want them to know how badly this hurts.

The rumors just finally died down over my locker fiasco.

Now this happens.

"And make Harper wait here, I don't think so," Blake says, his hand now on my back. "I'm taking her home, so she doesn't have to deal with this."

I look at Sadie, needing her to respond, this strange desire inside me to have her approval, like I'm doing something wrong.

She shakes her head, the emotion thick on her face. "Call me the second you get home, okay?"

Inod, my feet moving on their own as Blake's hand guides me to the row where he's parked. I don't feel the ground beneath me. All I feel are eyes on me, all I hear are whispers as everyone in the lot talks about me.

And the second I finally look up, steps away from reaching Blake's car, my stare

connects with Easton's. He's standing next to Ryan's car.

Is the anger on his face because I'm with Blake? Or that someone wrote those terrible words about me?

I want to hide in the dark.

And keep the door closed forever.

"Get in," Blake says, opening the passenger side door for me.

He takes my bag off my shoulder and helps me inside, setting my backpack by my feet before he shuts the door.

Easton watches me through the windshield.

Freezing me in my seat.

I can't read his expression, I can't even breathe.

But I'm thankful there's glass between us, so when the tears do fall, as they are now, he can only see me wiping them away.

"Where do you want to go?" Blake asks from the driver's seat. "Are you hungry? Thirsty? Feel like spending some time outside?"

I break contact with Easton to slowly look over at Blake.

His hand is on the gearshift, a warm smile covering his face. "Come on, Harper. Let's go have some fun."

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Chapter 35

Easton

I don't know who I want to hurt more. The person responsible for vandalizing Ryan and Sadie's cars—assuming it's also who graffitied Harper's locker—or Blake for coming to Harper's rescue the moment she stepped foot in the parking lot.

Or fucking Harper for getting into Blake's car.

Doesn't she know his intentions are bullshit? That all he wants is to get inside her pants, and then he'll never talk to her again?

I know she enjoys the attention.

But Blake?

She deserves someone who's going to worship her body and he's not that guy.

My thoughts are interrupted when I hear Ryan growl, "Who the fuck did this?" He's still scrubbing the paint off his windshield. "I let the first time slide, thinking maybe it was an accident and they pegged the wrong locker. But this is no accident." He drops the rag on the ground and grabs a clean one. "And I'm ready to kill someone."

I twirl my keys around my finger, watching Blake's Mustang drive out of the parking lot. "I don't know who it could be." Knowing Harper's perfect, tight ass is sitting on the seat next to Blake makes my fist clench around the keyring. "But I want to find

out."

"Who the hell did she piss off so badly?"

Since seeing the damage, the same question has been haunting me. Faces of each girl in our class has been flipping through my brain, hoping to piece this together.

“Man -” I run my hand through my hair. “I don’t even have a guess.”

Something by the mouth of the parking lot catches my attention.

More like someone.

A smiling, bouncy Aisha. Her best friend is walking with her, Aisha’s eyes glued to me, her grin moving into a smirk.

One that I don’t trust.

It can’t be her · can it?

I know she has a crazy side. *We’ve* gone to school together since we were young kids and she’s the type to go after what she wants.

At the moment, that’s me.

But no one knows about Harper, so why would Aisha-or anyone-be so vindictive?

I look away from the girls and turn to Ryan. “I need your notes from English class, so I can write that paper tonight.”

He finishes washing off the last of the paint. “If you wanted them that bad, you should have grabbed a cloth and helped me clean.”

“Not my car,” I remind him. “And definitely not my sister.”

: “Thanks, asshole,” he replies as I head to my car, the same row in which Aisha is parked.

I stall, waiting for her and her friend to catch up to me, her pace increasing as she sees me waiting.

What she doesn’t see is my agenda.

“Where are you headed?” she asks when she’s a few steps away. She nods at her friend. “Julie’s sister scored us a bottle of vodka, want in?”

“Now?”

They both laugh, Aisha saying, “What, suddenly you don’t drink on school nights?”

"No, I'm just slammed with homework since I drank last night."

Her eyes narrow. "With who? I talked to you last night you didn't mention you were drinking."

I keep my focus on her eyes, assessing every change, every reaction. "Ryan stopped by, then Blake."

"That's it?"

She's goading me and it's not going to work. "Who else do you think would come over?"

She shrugs. "Can't a girl wonder?"

If that's all she's doing, then yes. But Aisha is the possessive type and she's doing far more than just wondering.

"You girls have fun," I tell them, and I turn toward my car.

"Are you sure I can't convince you to join us?" Aisha asks.

I shake my head. "I have a paper to write tonight."

She walks closer to me. "You know Julie writes papers for our entire senior class. Three hundred cash and she'll have it done in an hour."

I stop when I reach the driver's side door, thinking about Aisha's suggestion. I've heard Julie offers that service and earns everyone A's, but I've never hired her before.

It's tempting.

Especially since homework is the furthest thing from my mind right now.

"You'll do that for me?" I ask Julie.

"Of course. Just show me the assignment and give me the cash and it'll be done before dinner time." She looks at Aisha, words silently passing between them. "But only under one condition, you have a drink with us."

This doesn't surprise me one bit.

"Deal," I tell them

"You want to follow me home?" Aisha asks me.

"There's a few things I need to do first. But I'll be over later, don't you worry."

She winks at me. "Oh, I'm not."

I get into the driver's seat and pull up to Ryan, who's inspecting the rest of his car. "Going home?"

"Nah," he says, the anger still in his voice. "I've got this after school thing I have to do and that's going to take a few hours. Why?"

"Wanted to see if you want to go to Aisha's with me and grab a drink?"

Ryan can be my excuse to leave her place early. But that's only half the reason I'm asking. The other half is that I want to know his whereabouts for the next hour.

"What time?"

"Seven."

He checks his watch. "You'll pick me up?"

"You got it," I say, and my foot punches the gas, immediately hearing the purr of my

engine.

Since Ryan isn't going home quite yet, I head to his part of town, and I'm happy as hell when I pull up to the front of his house and there isn't a Mustang anywhere in sight.

I don't know what Blake's intentions were when he led Harper to his car, if he took her somewhere or drove her home.

I'm going to find out.

I walk up to the front door and ring the bell. Within a few seconds, Harper opens it a couple inches, looking at me through the small crack.

"What are you doing here?"

Her eyes are a little watery, some black makeup is smudged beneath them, and her nose is red.

Damn it, she's been crying.

I'm going to do everything in my power to make her feel better.

Even though I shouldn't care or give a shit or even be here to check on her.

My fingers slide through the small opening, wrapping around her curvy waist. "I came to make sure you're all right."

"Bullshit."

"Why don't you believe me?"

She opens the door wider. "You weren't there when I came into the parking lot, you didn't try to stop me from seeing the painted words. And you didn't offer to take me home. Funny, Blake did all those things."

My fingers bite down on her hip. "You want me to do all of that in front of your brother? Come on, Harper ..."

She crosses her arms over her perky tits. "Now that you know I'm all right, what do you want?"

"I want to come in."

She laughs. "Why would I let you?"

"Because we've both had a long day." I do a quick scan of her body, my cock throbbing inside my pants. "And the only thing I want to do right now is eat your fucking pussy."

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Chapter 36

Harper

I'm instantly wet.

My legs shake as his words vibrate through me.

I never expected Easton to be on the other side of the door when the bell rang, I never expected him to check on me.

I certainly didn't expect him to say that.

"Easton ..."

"Let me in, Harper. You know you want my fingers in your pussy and you know you want my mouth on your clit."

My lips part, trying to form a response.

“What’s wrong?” he asks, taking a step forward. “At a loss for words?”

I find myself backing up, our pace equal as he moves into my house and shuts the door behind him, my back hitting the closest wall.

His hands surround my face, his kiss so full of hunger, his tongue sliding in and circling mine.

“Goddamn it,” he groans, sucking on my bottom lip. “I’ve thought about this-this beautiful lip-since you teased me in the library.”

I’ve lost control of my body, it’s now owned by Easton’s hands. His tongue. Even his

scent.

When I’m in his presence, I can’t help but give him what he wants.

Because it’s what I want, too.

More of his attention.

More of his touch.

More of his tongue.

“Your parents aren’t here, are they?”

I tilt my head up to meet his eyes, feeling the heat flush across my cheeks. “No, they won’t be home for a while, but Ryan,”

“He’s tied up for the next few hours, I already checked.”

His arms surround me and lift me into the air. He makes me feel like I’m weightless, so tiny against his large, muscular frame. He carries me to the couch, setting me on the middle cushion, tearing at my leggings the moment his hands are free. He pulls them down my legs and over my feet, staring at my bareness underneath.

“No panties?”

His gaze is feral, his tongue sliding over his lips as he waits for my response.

“No one wears underwear with leggings, it’s like wearing a tracksuit to bed and getting twisted in the sheets.”

"Is that so "" He glances down, between my legs. "You're fucking gorgeous."

The lights are on, the blinds are open, and he's looking at that ultra-private, personal place.

I can't stop quivering.

His gaze slowly travels up my body and lands back on mine. "Goddamn it, Harper. I want you."

A growl erupts from his throat before his lips smash against mine. His hands move up my baggy shirt where I'm still wearing my bra. But that doesn't stop him from flicking my nipples with the pads of his fingers like I'm wearing nothing at all.

Pulling them.

Tugging.

My back arches from the sensation, my legs widen on their own and, as he kneels in front of me, he moves in between them.

"That scent," he whispers, pulling his lips away. "I can't get enough of it."

I've told him it's just store-bought lotion that many girls at our school probably wear, but each time he compliments me like he's smelling it for the first time.

"I want to see what it tastes like on you."

"You've tasted it on my neck," I giggle, the way he's rubbing my nipples makes it harder to take a breath.

"I don't want your neck, Harper." His hand lowers, stopping at that place he looked at earlier, the one that makes my skin scorch. "I want you here."

"Easton-"

"Shhh." His eyes are telling me not to worry, he knows what I'm about to say. "It's not time for that yet. I'm only going to use my mouth."

I tremble in pleasure and relief as his lips press against my stomach, lifting my shirt to kiss the tops of my breasts, lowering my bra enough to lick each nipple.

I dive into his hair, pulling at the roots, the feeling of his mouth almost too much. But it gets even more intense as he lowers, past my belly button, stopping at the very top of me.

His nose rubs across my clit.

Inhaling my scent.

I look down at the top of his head, the air halting in my lungs as our eyes lock. This time feels different than before, it's not rushed, it's in the light, and we're completely alone in my house. "Easton," I shudder. "Oh my God."

His tongue swipes the entire length of me, and then he does it again but slower and harder this time. "You taste as good as you smell."

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I'm melting—from his words, from his stare, from the feel of his wet, talented tongue as it suddenly begins to pick up speed.

"Oh fuck," I moan, the back of my head pushing into the cushion behind me.

He knows the spot he needs to lick.

He knows the speed that makes my body climb.

He knows the rhythm that's going to make me come.

And he's constant.

Relentless.

"Easton!"

He's pulling my orgasm to the surface, a pulsing that starts to build through my body. I'm bucking against him, riding his tongue.

"Don't stop," I cry.

The tingles are sharp, demanding, and I'm on the verge of exploding.

"Come on my face."

Such a dirty order, but that's all it takes before I'm shuddering, his mouth sending me over that far, dangerous edge. "Easton!" I scream again.

The peak blasts through me, my stomach spasming, waves of pleasure charging across my body.

"Yes," he roars. "How good does that feel, baby."

"So good." I grip his hair even harder, holding on while the feeling eventually passes, until his tongue finally stills.

That's when I glance down, seeing his lips wet, covered in me, while baby echos in my head—a word no one has ever called me before.

His grin shows me how much he likes it.

“What the hell was that?” I pant.

“Just the beginning.”

He stands, bending down to kiss me before he goes into the kitchen. “I think we could both use a drink.” I hear the fridge open. “What do you want?”

As I search for my breath, I feel a vibration by my feet, and I look down at the carpet. Easton’s phone must have fallen out of his pocket, a text lighting up the screen.

One that causes me to reach down and lift it into my hand.

Aisha: What’s taking you so long?

Aisha: Come over already .. I hate it when you make me wait.

Her third message is full of red hearts and martini glasses.

“How about a Coke?” he asks.

| slowly glance up from his phone.

“Or a Diet Coke?”

My entire body starts to shake, but for an entirely different reason than before.

Ignoring his questions, I grab my leggings and go into the kitchen, holding the phone out to him, making sure he sees the screen. “Looks like you have somewhere to be.” I drop the phone onto his palm.

“Harper”

“Two girls in one night?” My heart feels like it’s been punched. “That’s dirty .. even for a dick like you.” I turn and walk down the hallway toward my bedroom, saying over my shoulder, “You can see yourself out, Easton,” before I slam my door and lock it behind me.